

# *Sketch*

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*Volume 54, Number 2*

1989

*Article 19*

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## Anzac Cove, 1915

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*Ronald P. Silverio*

## **Anzac Cove, 1915**

*—To the men of Gallipoli*

I shuffle  
through the man-canyons  
toward the shore and see  
men rest, write, reload.

Meters away  
Johnny Turk lobs  
us grenades and,  
on holidays, gifts. We  
return in kind.

I walk along  
the sunken trails, trying  
to reaffix my pants with  
a piece of string. Pausing,  
I blink sweat from  
my eyes, and gaze  
at the cloudy sky.

Beginning again,  
I take short strides  
around mates, and mounds  
of debris and dirt.  
Bullet shells lie scattered, brass  
ants in our human hill.

Round the next corner,  
Captain Barten counts  
heads, and keeps track  
of the missing ones.

## Anzac Cove

At his feet,  
two dusty soldiers splice  
together the telephone line  
leading back to headquarters.  
Theseus' thread  
had meant as much.

Our boys repair  
the trench nearby with  
sandbags. Trying to stem  
the tide of dirt  
bleeding onto,  
bleeding into us.  
A young man's rotting  
hand hangs out  
of the clay, welcoming  
newcomers to the front.

Approaching the beach,  
I weave around crates  
and cookware. Duck  
under hung laundry,  
and hop over sleepers.

Gazing back  
at the cliffside, I  
see a signaler  
with his back to  
the clouds, arcing  
his arms like an  
Icarus lost.